Moore-ditch?

Falſ. Thou haſt the moſt vnſauory ſmiles, and art indeede the moſt comparatiue raſcalleſt ſweete yong Prince. But *Hal*, I prethee trouble me no more with vanity, I wold to God thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to bee bought: an old Lord of the counſell rated me the other day in the ſtreet about you ſir, but I markt him not, and yet hee talkt very wiſely, but I regarded him not, & yet hee talkt wiſely and in the ſtreet too.

Prince Thou didſt wel, for wiſedome cries out in the ſtreets, and no man regards it.

Falſ. O, thou haſt damnable iteration, and art indeed able to corrupt a ſaint: thou haſt don much harme vnto me, *Hal*, God forgiue thee for it: before I knew thee *Hal*, I knew nothing, and now am I, if a man ſhould ſpeake truly, little better than one of the wicked: I muſt giue ouer this life, and I will giue it ouer: by the Lord and I do not, I am a villaine: Ile be damnd for neuer a Kings ſonne in Chriſtendome.

Prince Where ſhall we take a purſe to morrow Iacke?

Falſ. Zounds where thou wilt lad, ile make one, and I do not call me villaine and baffell me.

Prince. I ſee a good amendment of life in thee, from praying, to purſe taking.

Falſ. Why, *Hal*, tis my vocation *Hal*, tis no ſinne for a man to labour in his vocation. *Enter poines.*

Poines. Now ſhall we know, if Gads hil haue ſet a match, O, if men were to be ſaued by merit, what hole in hel were hot enough for him? this is the moſt omnipotent villaine that euer cryed, ſtand, to a true man.

Prince. Good morrow *Ned.*

Poines. Good morrow ſweet *Hal*. What ſayes Monſieur remorſe? what ſayes ſir Iohn Sacke, and Sugar Iacke? how agrees the diuell & thee about thy ſoule, that thou ſoldeſt him on good Friday laſt, for a cup of Medera and a colde Capons legg?

Prin. Sir Iohn ſtands to his word, the diuell ſhall haue his bargaine, for hee was neuer yet a breaker of prouerbes: he will giue the diuell his due

Poines. Then art thou damnd for keeping thy word with the diuell.

Prince. Elſe he had bin damnd for Coſening the diuell.

Poy. But my lads, my lads, to morrow morning, by foure a clock early at Gads hil, there are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offrings, and traders riding to London with fat purſes. I haue vizards for you all; you haue horſes for your ſelues. Gads-hil lies to night in Rocheſter, I haue beſpoke ſupper to morrow night in Eaſtcheap: we may do it as ſecure as ſleepe: if you will go, I will ſtuffe your purſes full of crownes: if you will not, tarry at home and be hangd.

Falſ. Heare ye Yedward, if I tarry at home and go not, Ile hang you for going.

Po. You will chops.

Falſ. *Hal*, wilt thou make one?

Prince. Who, I rob? I a theefe? not I by my faith.

Fal. There neither honeſty, manhood, nor good fellowſhip in thee, nor thou cameſt not of the bloud royall, if thou dareſt not ſtand for ten ſhillings.

Prince. Well then, once in my daies Ile be a madcap.

Falſ. Why thats well ſaide.

Prin. Well, come what will, Ile tarry at home.

Falſ. By the Lord Ile be a traitour then, when thou art King

Prince. I care not.

Po. Sir Iohn, I prethee leaue the Prince & me alone, I will lay him downe ſuch reaſons for this aduenture, that he ſhall go.

Fal. Well, God giue thee the ſpirit of perſwaſion, & him the eares of profiting, that what thou ſpeakeſt, may mou, and wha he heares may be beleeued, that the true prince may (for recreation ſake) proue a falſe theefe, for the poore abuſes of the tim want countenance: farewell, you ſhall finde me in Eaſtcheap.

Prin. Farewel the latter ſpring, farewell Alhollowne ſumme.

Poy. Now my good ſweet hony Lord, ride with vs to morrow. I haue a ieaſt to execute, that I cannot mannage alone. Falſtaffe, Harvey, Roſsill, and Gads hill ſhall rob thoſe men that we haue already way-laid, your ſelfe & I wil not be there: and when they haue the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from my ſhoulders.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV. Part 1* (STC 22283) LONDON, 1608 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (Bute.481) Octavo